





THE LAMP OF SACRIFICE

You and I know when
one keen pyramid with
wedge sublime pavilions

the upended surgeon's grave.
We've smelled that dirt.
In the reader's unwashed

eye there's a broussard
hacking his way
to a proper definition

for the word after lifetime.
Thus the tan and muscled
figure knocking at our door.

Don't open it, my dear.
He may be just a shadow
but the door itself

is dangerous and to stay
with me forever in this
domestic rank would make

an engineer so proud.
Or else let's go be useless
someplace: the tropics

as adornment where
we may disappear into
an attending atmosphere.